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The BYSTANDER

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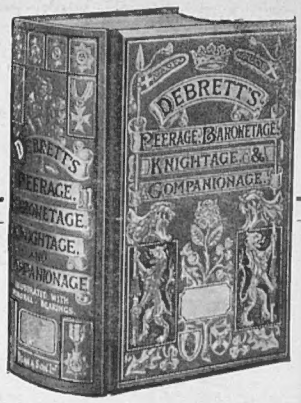

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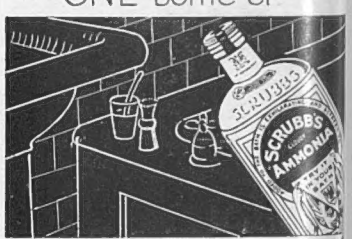

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The Bystander, January 11, 1933 No. 1517. Vol. CXVII

The BYSTANDER

Shaw Wildman

ORIEL ROSS

A new and fascinating portrait of the beautiful young actress who plays the part of the Empress Catherine of Russia in "Casanova." The four-hundredth performance of "Casanova" takes place at the London Coliseum to-morrow

Snow-Flyers: By Air and By Ski

Above: the aeroplane which takes people for whom ski-ing isn't fast enough for 30-franc flips over the Alps from St. Moritz

Left, top: the Duc Fernan-Nunez, lately a prisoner in Spain for political Royalist sympathies, with Mrs. Edward Knopf, wife of the film star, at the Corviglia Club bar

Centre: Donna Vera Mazzuchi on the Corviglia terrace. She is a Russian, a hostess of international fame, and the owner of Perrier-Jouet champagne

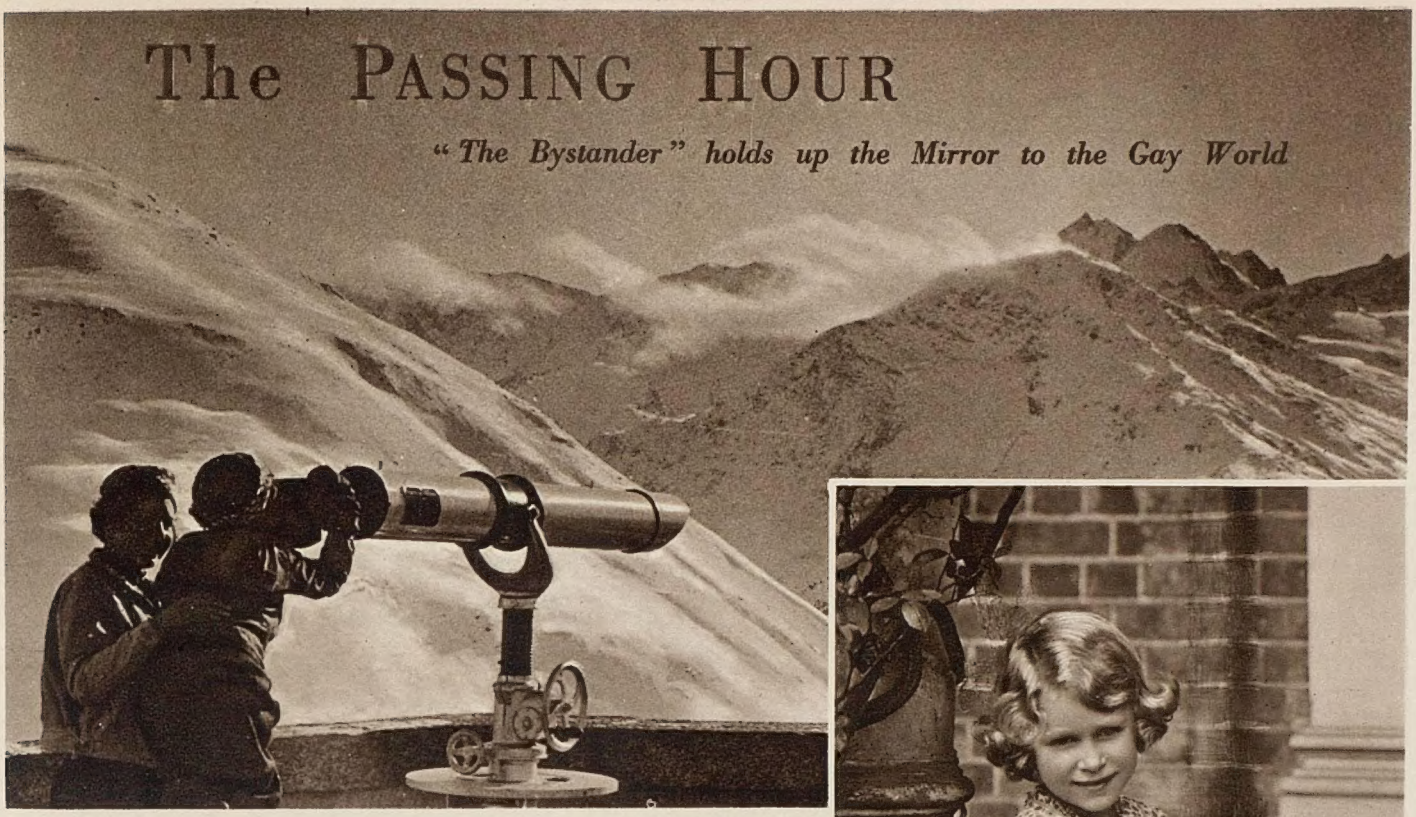
Bottom: Mrs. Theodore Grosvenor also favours the railings on the Corviglia terrace. She and her husband are staying in St. Moritz, with their children

Above: Miss Nina Vanna, the film star, was all ready to go off for a day's ski-ing from Pontresina when this photograph was taken

Left: the Comtesse de Vogué sun-bathing on one of the almost snowless bits of Switzerland, above Chantarella

The PASSING HOUR

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World



On the Roof of the World

Looking at the Bernina Giants through a big telescope on the top of Muottas Muraigl, eight thousand feet above the sea

ONE of the best parties given recently was that of the Marchesa Malacrida and her husband. Twenty-four guests went down in a specially hired omnibus to the evening performance at Collins's music-hall, where two stage boxes and a number of stalls had been reserved. One of the guests gave an attendant a shilling tin of toffee to give to the leading lady, but in a few minutes an outraged manager arrived and insisted that it should be handed up in the traditional way, at the end of the performance, by the music conductor.

CIRCUS parties are being given every evening. The Fun Fair at Olympia is particularly good this year, and Percy Grant, the flea man, is attracting an exclusive clientèle. The other evening we saw

New Year's Eve at Newbury

York Roses

Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, the daughters of the Duke and Duchess of York, were on a visit to their grandparents, the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, at St. Paul's Walden Bury, near Welwyn, when this attractive photograph was taken

Left: the Old Year's Meeting at Newbury, in spite of the rain, went as well as Newbury meetings always do go. Sir Frederick Carden was photographed with Miss Rennie, and the Hon. Esmé Glyn and Miss Clayton were considering the "tote" odds together

Lady Kathleen Rollo and her 14-year-old daughter, Primula, at the meet of the Quorn at Frisby-on-the-Wreak

At a Cottesmore meet: Lord Blandford, with the Hon. Mrs. Roland Cubitt, and her two small sons

Standing i more, a Mary Gil

Lord Leigh and Tom Webster leaning absorbedly over the exhibits. Sir Louis Greig took his son, "Crackers," there on the previous afternoon, and we suspect that Lord Portarlington, whom we saw in a box with Miss Inez Holden, also paid them a visit.

To those who have not yet gone, we recommend an introduction to Matthies, the tiger man, who has a litter of ten-day cubs; Decker, the sea-lion man (provided you talk German), who will show you his pets in the backyard; and O'Brien, the elephant man, but don't blame us if you offer Lena or Julia a handful of sugar and at the same time tell them to "love" you. It is quite agitating—the sequel.

It would be almost impossible to guess the link which ties up the names of A. P. Herbert, the Duke of Marlborough, Herbert Chapman, and Sir Owen Seaman, whose name has appeared in the Honours list as a Baronet. But perhaps the Duke's name is enough for the connoisseur. These four names are up on the board at Ciro's as prospective members of that illustrious club, which the Prince of Wales has been patronising a good deal.

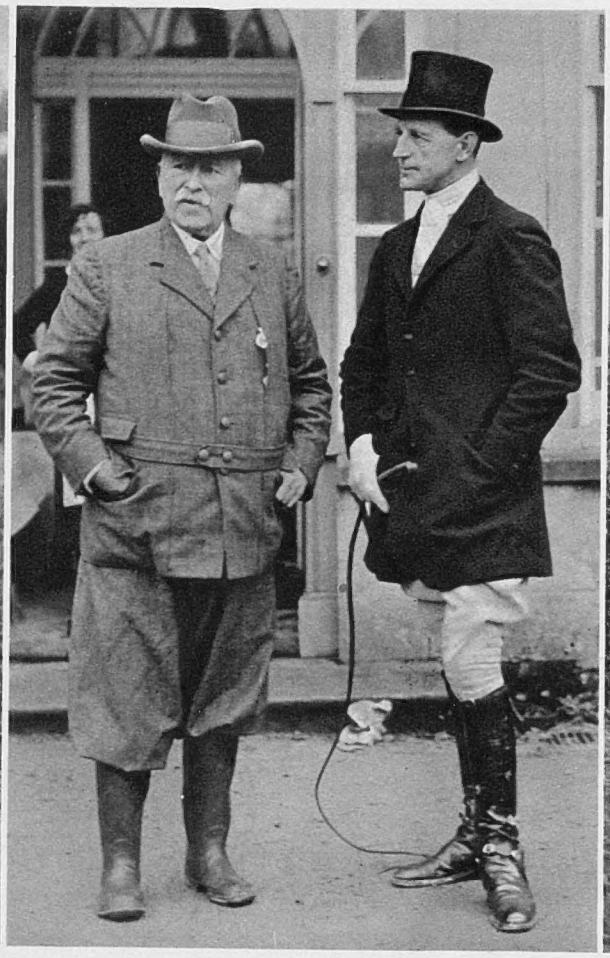
Two more "infantry" supporters of the Cottesmore who were out when they met recently at the Noel Arms were the Duke of Marlborough and Mrs. Colin Buist

Well Met Again!

In the Shires and Down West

Mrs. Julien Lezard and Miss Norah Beeby took their oilskins to the Quorn meet at Frisby-on-the-Wreak; in spite of the rain, jokes were good and weatherproof

windy corner at the same meet of the Cottes-Noel Arms, near Melton Mowbray: Lady and Miss V. and Miss U. Kenyon-Slaney



Lord Headley and Major "Fruity" Metcalfe at the Hunt Ball meet of the Wylye Valley at Ashton Gifford House, where the Ball was held, too

The Hon. Somerset and Mrs. Maxwell took their small son, Barry, to the Cottesmore meet; his opinion of hunting was dubious

Miss Molly Gretton evidently wants to hand over her charge to its owner; this responsibility was hers at the Cottesmore meet

Another after-the-ball photograph, when the Wylye Valley met at Ashton Gifford House: Miss Grice Hutchinson, Lady Slade, and Lady Headley

CLUBS and restaurants have done well recently as a result of foot-and-mouth and the exchange. But the spread of 'flu through the West End has caused a number of victims. Incidentally, several of the great hospitals have lost nurses, for it is a virulent form, and there have been several deaths.

AT the May Fair the other night, a number of people came on from the Amy Mollison dinner to hear Frances Mae Maddux in the restaurant. Lord Brecknock brought Lady Patricia Moore and Kathleen Lady Drogheda. At another table, Miss Wendy Barry appeared to be in high spirits, and Mr. Kenneth Wagg, who backed *Ballyhoo*, had a tired smile on his face.

AT Quaglino's, Lord Beaverbrook showed up, having changed his mind about going to the U.S. He spent a few days in Paris and then came back unexpectedly. Lord Blandford and Sir Oswald Mosley had the temerity to appear in day clothes; Major Brocas Burrowes and his wife had a sofa table, and everyone seemed distinctly gay.

MR. JOHN BEALEY, who was one of the party which went out to stay with the Maharajah of Rajpipla, but returned on the first boat from Bombay, has come back with dashing stories about the Sleeping Baronet and Lord Inchcape. Lord Inchcape being the Chairman of the Line, the captain could not make any protests about the Sleeping Baronets' practical jokes.

Continued on page 92.

My Most Beautiful Words

By "Eddie" Tatham

Not to be outdone by Mr. Compton Mackenzie, who has set readers of the "Daily Mail" flying to their dictionaries, "The Bystander," with the approval of the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, has commissioned Mr. Tatham to make his own selection of the ten most beautiful words in the English language.

THERE has been a discussion recently in the papers as to the ten most beautiful words in the English language. Mr. Compton Mackenzie has given us his selection, an American poet his, and letters have poured in from "Fair Play," "Mother of Ten," "Disgusted," "Tax Payer," etc., with their ideas.

Mr. Mackenzie tells us he began arguing about beautiful words when only twelve; I began when I was 6⅝ths, and have since then devoted most of my life to the discovery and pursuit of beautiful words. If I learnt of a new specimen being heard in Billingsgate, I would rise at dawn to collect it whilst it was still moist with dew. I would exchange postage stamps with bargees for beautiful words, and some of my rarest first-edition words I obtained by failing to tip a taxi-driver.

MR. MACKENZIE starts with "Carnation," I shall take **Pansy** as my first choice. Pansies blossom proudly in the bottom of my garden, like purple Queens, and where there are Pansies there are Fairies. What was the name of the Victorian poet to whom we owe that epic piece of prose, "Just fancy you're a Pancy"? After such a gentle word it is tempting to choose a tremendous and inspiring word, like "Popocatapetl," but I shall take **Whigham.** This whimsy little word has crept almost unnoticed into our language, but we must enjoy it whilst we can, for soon it will melt on our tongues like a cheese wafer, and, "whoopee!" (another beautiful word) change into Sweeny.

CRUET. We may pass through life but once, yet how many times do we pass the cruet? Think of the croonage of this word. Our mind thinks of those three harsh words, Mustard, Pepper, Salt, but from our lips drops this pearl, Cruet, probably derived from the old Thanet word, condiments.

HOCK. Not Hic, Hœc, or Hujus, Hujus, Hujus, or even Hike, Hike, Hike, but just happy, hiccupy Hock. Even the beautiful sentence that Shakespeare gives to Hamlet, "Have some claret, old Parrot, or Port, old Sport," pales before Longfellow's liquid line, "Have some Hock, old Cock."

PARDON. Here is a word which has beauty in its quiet plaintiveness. We beg pardon, and when avoiding roughage by wearing gloves, we say "Pardon my glove." And sometimes, with fingers pressed to our lips, we say the little word again.

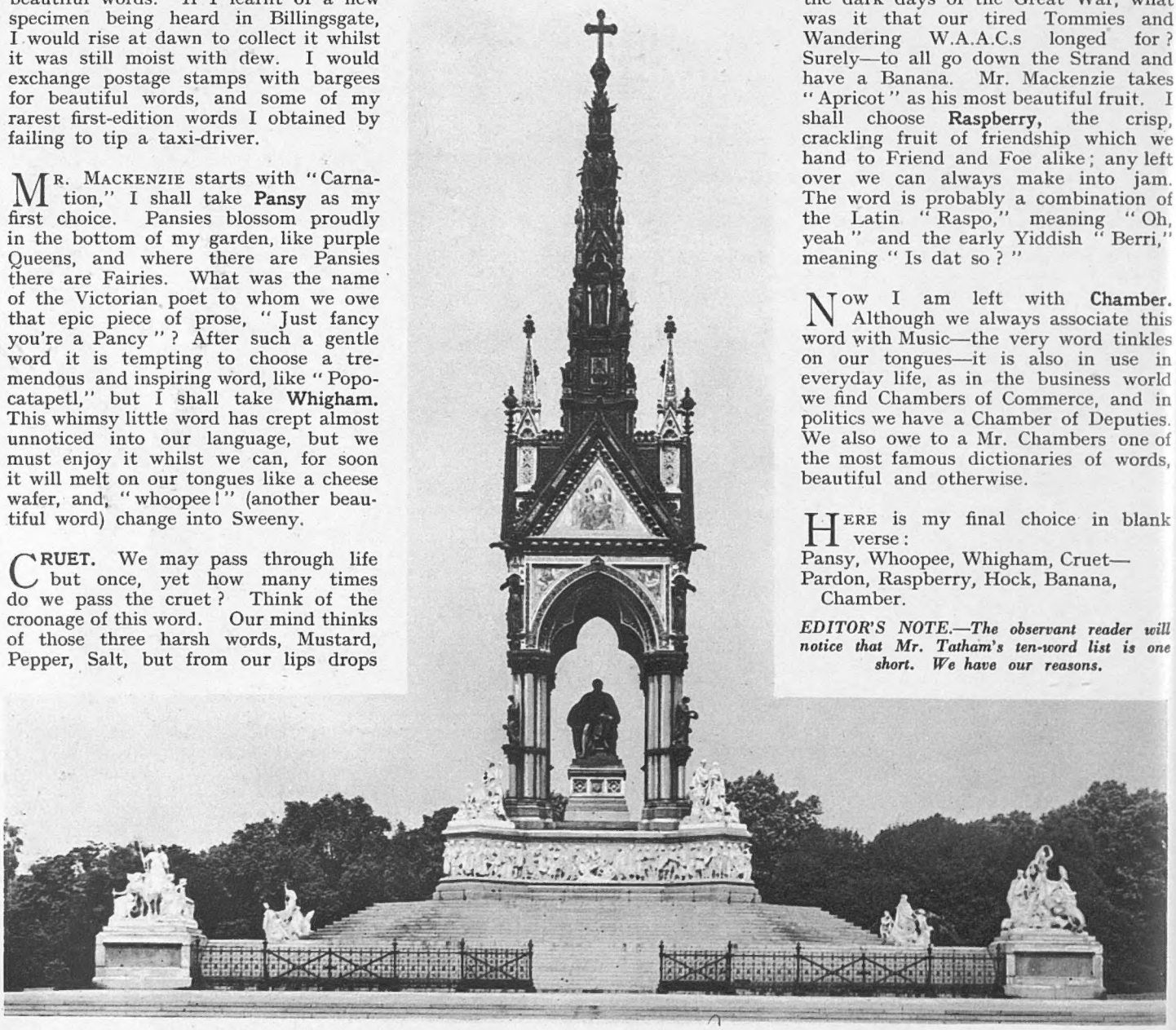
BANANA. This is a strong, virile word, expressing a symbol of our far-flung Empire. Great men, like Raleigh, Drake and Cook, have blazed their names across the pages of History seeking for a straight one, and during the dark days of the Great War, what was it that our tired Tommies and Wandering W.A.A.C.s longed for? Surely—to all go down the Strand and have a Banana. Mr. Mackenzie takes "Apricot" as his most beautiful fruit. I shall choose **Raspberry,** the crisp, crackling fruit of friendship which we hand to Friend and Foe alike; any left over we can always make into jam. The word is probably a combination of the Latin "Raspo," meaning "Oh, yeah" and the early Yiddish "Berri," meaning "Is dat so?"

NOW I am left with **Chamber.** Although we always associate this word with Music—the very word tinkles on our tongues—it is also in use in everyday life, as in the business world we find Chambers of Commerce, and in politics we have a Chamber of Deputies. We also owe to a Mr. Chambers one of the most famous dictionaries of words, beautiful and otherwise.

HERE is my final choice in blank verse:

Pansy, Whoopee, Whigham, Cruet—
Pardon, Raspberry, Hock, Banana,
Chamber.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The observant reader will notice that Mr. Tatham's ten-word list is one short. We have our reasons.



"The plainer the dress with greater lustre does Beauty appear"

Baffled by the elusive beauty of Mr. Tatham's choice, we can find no illustrator capable of doing justice to the lovely thoughts which his words conjure up. We have therefore chosen the most beautiful photograph in our possession to decorate this poem in prose

Above: the Dowager Lady Swaythling, Colonel the Master of Sempill, one of the best-known people in the flying world, and Lady Campbell at the May Fair, where the dinner was held

Swaebe

Mrs. Nigel Norman, whose husband is one of the three directors of Heston, was sitting between Admiral Mark Kerr and Lord Brecknock

Left: Colonel Moore-Brabazon in his speech quoted Lord Birkenhead's remark that women excel over men in everything but cooking and dress-making (Hear, hear!); he is with Miss Macrae

Epilogue to Adventure

The Women's Automobile and Sports Association Dinner for Mrs. Mollison

Right: Mr. Gary Marsh, the well-known actor, and Lady Patricia Moore were photographed at an unconversational moment

Viscountess Elibank, who presided at the dinner, and read the Prince of Wales's message of congratulation to Mrs. Mollison, and M. de Fleuriau, the French Ambassador

Right: another speaker was Major-Gen. J. E. B. Seely, the new Chairman of the Air League; Countess Howe was his neighbour at the dinner

Below are two more guests, Mrs. Courtenay and Mr. C. W. A. Scott, A.F.C., who is the holder of several air records

Swaebe

The guest of honour, Mrs. J. A. Mollison, and the Marquess of Carisbrooke. Mrs. Mollison confessed in her speech that to take a holiday from flying, even after her last achievement, would be impossible to her

A Racing Reverie: *By "Regular"*

At Newbury Races

Captain Weber, Miss Ewing, and the Hon. Mrs. Prior-Palmer, daughter of Baroness Zouche, in a conversation piece during an interval in the steeplechasing

"THE Bostwicks are coming, hurrah, hurrah!" Whenever I've been racing during the past few weeks, coveys of glorious Jumping girls have rushed up to me with the glad tidings that, like the Campbells, the Bostwicks really were going to pay us a visit; and, unlike the Campbells in Douglas Byng's song, they have not disappointed us.

IT is hardly complimentary to our own "Delights," the flutter in the female breasts caused by these brothers from across the Atlantic. The Sweenys and Sheftels made us all look like platers at the Embassy and Café de Paris, and now, on the racecourse, we have to compete with the Bostwick brothers.

As far as we men are concerned, the Bostwicks' chief claim to fame lies in the fact that they are nephews of that splendid American sportsman, Mr. Ambrose Clarke, the purveyor of so much mirth and merriment at Melton, without whose assistance so many of our thrusters would be hunting on bicycles.

WHAT is really much more important—and we may all benefit by it—is the fact that, unless the fog on Boxing Day had completely ruined my race-glasses, I think I can foresee a very successful time for the two Bostwicks and their extremely shrewd trainer, Ivor Anthony.

BUSY BEE may not be a smasher, but I shall be extremely surprised if he does not improve considerably on his Hurst Park running; while in Sir Crispin, Mr. Pete Bostwick owns one of the most promising 'chasers I have seen for a long time. At Hurst Park his price was 100-7, but it will not be that next time or the time after.

HE should also be capable of getting a race out of Jukwa, who would have won at Hurst Park if his owner had been as strong a finisher as Billy Stott. Mr. Bostwick is a very fine judge of pace and a beautiful jockey throughout a race, but he naturally cannot compare with Stott when it comes to a finish.

Alfieri

Miss Loyd, Miss Wingfield, and Miss Burns see something to amuse them at Newbury

IT is always fun to get back to Cheltenham, though the Christmas meeting cannot compare as a fashion parade, or in the quality of the racing, with the Spring meeting. The sport, nevertheless, was well up to average, and was made memorable by the victory of Captain Sassoon on his own horse, Alpine Hut, always a popular event, and especially so when the animal happens to be favourite.

THE public dearly love "the Captain," but they very rarely pay him the compliment of making his mounts favourite. According to present arrangements, he will ride Alpine Hut in the National, and if this safe jumper should happen to win, it would be a sight worth seeing. I think the crowd would go mad.

WITHOUT wishing to detract from the merit of the Captain's performance, I think we must put down Alpine Hut's latest victory as being due to the mistakes of his opponents. Mighty Chance looked all over a winner when he fell three fences from home, after which it appeared a pound to a bun on Tolley, but at the last fence he came nearly on his head, and Alpine Hut, profiting by the mistakes of his fellows, won.

As the jumping of fences is a very necessary function in a steeplechase, Alpine Hut deserved his victory, as he certainly jumped the best, and it was only a very fine recovery on Owen's part which kept Tolley on his feet. Owen, by the way, is getting all the riding he can manage, although, all honour to him, he has dropped the "Mr." Amateurs, please note.

A WELL-KNOWN trainer, amongst others, is very annoyed with me because, in a recent article, I stated that I considered the present-day amateurs were far better than the ones who were performing just after the war, and he mentions some very famous names to prove how wrong I am.

MY answer to him, and all the others, is that I said AMATEURS, not SHAMATEURS.

IN company with many others who have but little use for those dreary days without any racing which precede Christmas, I made my way to Paris, where I enjoyed some excellent racing, and even desecrated the Sabbath with a somewhat one-sided argument with the "Tote." Needless to say, the "Tote" won.

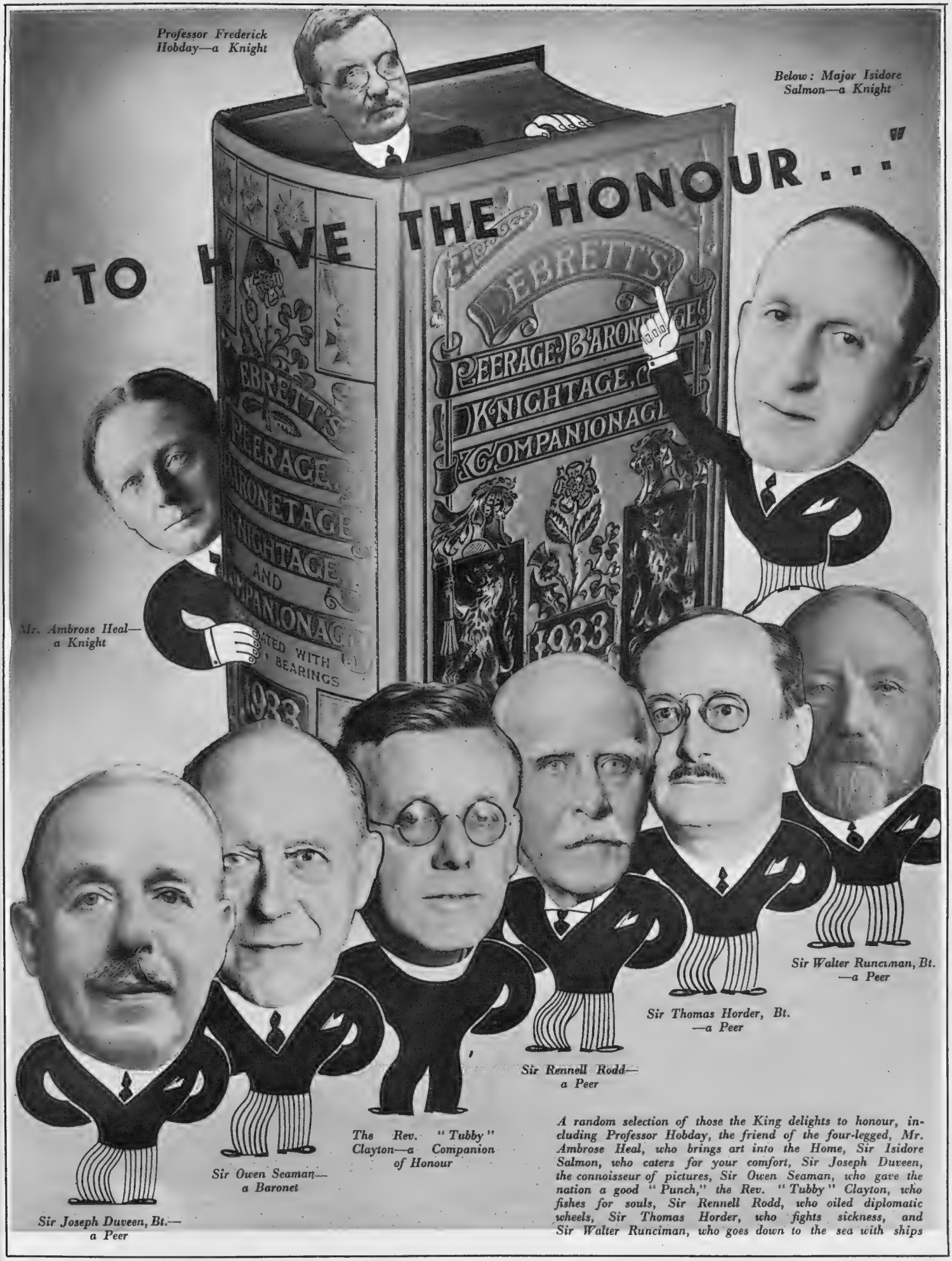
I HAVE had considerable correspondence regarding my proposal to institute Sunday racing in England, and I had dealt with it at some length. But, as my "copy" managed to get lost in the post, all you who are clamouring for an answer must abide your souls in patience.

I MUST say, though, the French—and the English too, for there were plenty of us there—didn't seem a whole lot more wicked because they had spent the afternoon trying to back winners instead of wandering round Hyde Park wishing it wasn't quite so public, but consoling themselves that it would be nice and dark in the movies when they opened at six.

AT Auteuil, I ran into Eric Steddal, the popular trainer of Coup de Chapeau, with his jockey, Bobby Dick, who will again ride first jockey for Lord Astor this year.

DICK wasn't giving much away. By that I don't mean he wouldn't stand me a drink, 'cos he did; I mean with regard to the Manton prospects (why should he?), but unless I'm much mistaken, this great stable is in for the very devil of a good year.

IT's early days yet to form a real opinion, but Dick told me that they have a grand lot of two-year-olds, while if Mannamead stands training as a four-year-old, we may see the horse of the century.



Professor Frederick Hobday—a Knight

Below: Major Isidore Salmon—a Knight

Mr. Ambrose Heal—a Knight

Sir Walter Runciman, Bt.—a Peer

Sir Thomas Horder, Bt.—a Peer

Sir Rennell Rodd—a Peer

The Rev. "Tubby" Clayton—a Companion of Honour

Sir Owen Seaman—a Baronet

Sir Joseph Duveen, Bt.—a Peer

A random selection of those the King delights to honour, including Professor Hobday, the friend of the four-legged, Mr. Ambrose Heal, who brings art into the Home, Sir Isidore Salmon, who caters for your comfort, Sir Joseph Duveen, the connoisseur of pictures, Sir Owen Seaman, who gave the nation a good "Punch," the Rev. "Tubby" Clayton, who fishes for souls, Sir Rennell Rodd, who oiled diplomatic wheels, Sir Thomas Horder, who fights sickness, and Sir Walter Runciman, who goes down to the sea with ships

Designed by ZEC

Dancers in the Red Ballet, "Far Beyond the Crowd"

A "Ballyhoo's" Who

Camera and Caricature Studies at the Comedy Theatre

Our artist's impression of Hermione Baddeley, who, when appearing as a "Destitute Débutante," sings, "Well, I'm the Girl who writes 'Hors d'Œuvres' disguised as 'Caviare,'" a revelation which will interest "Bystander" readers familiar with the page opposite

Pearl Argyle, the première danseuse in "Ballyhoo," at the Comedy Theatre, as she appears in the Ballet for Four Pianos and Orchestra, the symphonic arrangement of which is by Peggy Cochrane. A necklet of notes is part of her costume, while a gargantuan piano is the setting to the scene. This extremely sophisticated revue, in which Leon Morton also figures, is a medley of the moment

Hors d'Oeuvres: *By "Caviare"*

WHERE does Lady Blandford get her country hats, and why? She is so lovely it is a pity that she should wear anything so unbecoming. Lady Harrington has entrancing little bérets in the country, and Lady Bury's plain felts, with coloured bands, are very smart.

"LEAVE in haste, repent at leisure" is an adjusted proverb which applies to a certain very well-known Mayfairite who "walked out." Now she can't get in again?

WHOSE nicknames are these?—
"The Duchess."
"Bloggs."
"Didsie-wee."

ARTISTIC in looks and mind is Mrs. John Cecil, who was Miss Cornelia Vanderbilt, and she loves having unusual and artistic people around her. By the way, what has happened to the Sitwells? I haven't heard of them for a long time. Stand by, news-editors, something must happen soon!

GOOD-HEARTED people are not really very easy to find—I don't mean loose purse-strings only. Lady Dalrymple-Champneys has a good heart, in my opinion, and I have never heard her unkind or catty. Lady Muriel Beckwith is one of the kindest and most generous-minded people in London; and, personally, I think the most good-hearted of all is her Majesty the Queen.

CONSTANCE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER and her husband, Captain Fitz-Lewis.
The Dowager Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava and her husband, Colonel Somers Somerset.
Well, really, English-men!

HOW much and how deeply is a once-much-talked-of politician involved in a rapidly approaching divorce—a very rich and social one?

I RECOMMEND—
A haircut to Lord Dufferin.
A new dressmaker to Miss Ishbel MacDonald.
Less peroxide to our nicest ex-ex-deb.
A muzzle for a tall young man about town.

Swaebe

Luck for 1933: Beatrix Thomson shaking hands with the sweep, at the New Year's Eve gala at the Hungaria

René Gadd and Lord Howard of Effingham were two of Miss Iris Ashley's guests at the party she gave on New Year's Eve at her flat in Mansfield Street

Lady Brownlow dancing at the Ball Cabaret which took place at the R.A.F. Officers' Mess at Grantham, in aid of the Old War Horses Fund, Egypt. It was organised by the ladies of the Belvoir and Blankney Hunts

MR. RUPERT BELLVILLE is a brilliant pilot, and has taken Mrs. Edwin Montagu and her aeroplane on many perilous and adventurous trips. He was famed in Spain some years ago for being a fine bull-fighter. He is very tall, and good-looking in a clean, fair, blue-eyed English way, and quite charming.

WHAT a good-looking couple Major and Mrs. George Sandys are! She is a most enthusiastic tennis player. Their home is in Lancashire, but they also have a house in London. Their children promise to be as attractive as their parents, and have the nicest manners.

MRS. ROBIN D'ERLANGER has got 'flu.
Mr. Nigel Seely has got fat.
A platinum blonde, brown at the parting, has got a swollen head.
A certain wife has got a letter meant for her husband.
Mrs. "Bunny" Tattersall has got a sweet smile.
Lady Abdy has got a Garbo-copying complex

LADY FERMOY has a gay I-am-an-English-girl-and-proud-of-it personality. She has a lovely pink and white complexion which we all envy. Lord Fermoy has a great charm of manner. They are a very happy couple.

WHY has a young man left a party in Switzerland so hurriedly?

THE COUNTESS PAUL MUNSTER has left us for East Africa, which is sad. Mayfair does not see so much of her twin, Mrs. Michael Hornby. Talking of twins, Diana Henry is attractive in a clear-cut manner. The new débutantes are very tailor-made: nice in the daytime, but I like things a bit more Beatonish at night.

SUCH lots of people have doubles, but I think that Mr. Jim Hennessy and Mr. Graham Ogden, who is Mrs. Edward de Winton Wills's brother, are absurdly alike. In spite of the Press excitement, I think Lady Melchett is not really like Greta Garbo.

NEW Year wishes—
A blonde who lives not far from the Ritz wishes she hadn't.
A husband who had business in London just after Christmas wishes he had—risked it.
A lovely Mayfairite and a gallant soldier are wishing for another opportunity.

We Likewise Bows . . .

The Bystander

This is by far the most light-hearted and consistently entertaining of all the Christmas numbers. The short stories (Ethel Mannin, Alec Waugh, and F. E. Baily are among the authors) are short; the drawings get right away from ye olde Christmasse, and, incidentally, a successful attempt appears to have been made to encourage unfamiliar but competent artists, and the results are happier than those which are commissioned in midsummer from celebrities. An especially amusing section of this "Bystander" is the half-dozen pages in which it lampoons itself and similar society journals.

A Bouquet for "The Bystander" from the "Yorkshire Post"

At the Theatre

Nellie Wallace would make an ideal Sleeping Beauty — provided that Gordon Harker were cast as Prince Charming

Ghosts on the Rack and

With a Few Pictorial Pantomim

Oscar Asche ought to be a smashing success as Jack—no matter what the Beanstalk suffered or the cost of nightly repair

"The Streets of London"

THERE used to be a shoddy theatre in Oxford where barnstormers perpetrated hoary melodramas to the jeers of young hearties, who would drop in, defying the proctors (the place was out of bounds) and spoiling the pleasure of the legitimate patrons. What naughty boys we were! The place is probably a cinema de luxe now, co-ed, and all that, and there are twenty-five years between *Her Love Against the World* and Marlene Dietrich's legs. Heigh-ho!

I remember one grand night when the heroine's father, who was a blacksmith (and a pretty decent "heavy," now I come to think of it), rose suddenly from his forge and exclaimed, "I must rescue my daughter from yonder mad dog," and so made a brawny exit. I'll bet he cursed us gate-crashers. You can guess the sort of stuff we were guying.

IT gets you down to feel mellow and reminiscent and a bit sentimental over the dear dead days, and I'm not sure there oughtn't to be a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Ghosts. In 1975 things like Valse Bleue and the Boston will be period pieces—fair game for the Noel Coward of the day. Down at the Ambassadors it is the 'sixties that are getting it in the pants. The tortured ghost is Dion Boucicault's comedy-melodrama, *The Streets of London; or Poverty is No Crime.* The old-timers ought to see it to test their sense of humour. The young moderns ought to see it for a good and gusty laugh. Believe me or not, it's a wiz. It makes whoopee. Walk up, and laugh the old, stilted, mawkish sob-stuff—all that Ha-ha! and heavy aside business—into the limbo of Never-come-back. There is some grand straight-face acting by Sam Livesey, Alexander Field, and Sydney Fairbrother. I just name those three out of many because they play the game of burlesque as it must be played, so delightfully seriously.

IT is rare sport, this spirited ghost-baiting, but I seem to scent a whiff of foul play at the cross-roads in those sudden musical interpolations, and especially in the entr'acte divertissements.

As a purist-for-choice adjudicating on "a performance of the play and a comment of the period," where am I? Torn between convention and chronology, hovering prosily on the side of the pedants and finding myself falling, weak with merriment, into the arms of "The Aspidistras" (Elsie French and John Mott).

You ought to see these two doing their stuff. Laying, with excruciating gravity, a cabbage-wreath on the grave of Victorian sentiment. Turning the old ballads into Ballyhoo. Eheu fugaces!

The partnership of Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn should make much out of the Babes in the Wood theme

Dick Whittington, in the person of Sydney Howard, might further flatten his feet when walking from Highgate

Panto on the Wing

Suggestions by ROUSON

But cheer up, you old fogies. "Ever of Thee," "Oh, for the Wings of a Dove," and all that lot, only *seem* funny because they are deliberately guyed. Put them into a contemporary *Quality Street*, sing them straight, and their sincerity would tap our tears. An antique only becomes a comic curio when you tear it out of its background. So there's no need for the pundits to quibble over the problem of when a song becomes burlesqueable, and what makes it so. A "classic" is only governed by time in so far as repetition brings disrepute. When we hold our sides over "Ever of Thee" it's not the song we're laughing at, but the performance. Take Noel Coward's skit on a Charity Matinée. It couldn't be any funnier if the society lovelies belonged to the naughty 'nineties. Maybe I'm wrong, because that line of thought hardly seems to square up to the old melodrama itself. Anyway, I've started an argument. Go to the Ambassadors and work it out for yourself.

Pantomime

If you want the plots (scenic and otherwise) of all the pantomimes in Greater London—search me. I refer you to the special pantomime number of *The Era*, a terrific sixpenn'orth. You won't stick at London when once you get going. *Little Red Riding Hood* is a riot in Hull. *Aladdin* is a wow at Wolverhampton. All the "dames" are excruciatingly funny, and all the Emperors of Morocco are "dignified." Mr. Agate has shattered my Sunday morning calm by saying that the halcyon days of pantomime belonged to the provinces—and still do. He wants more curves on principal boys and less dirge and more ditty in the songs they sing. I'm not sure where I stand. Bosom, buttocks and bravado are *good things*. But what about Queen Ella Retford, long to reign over us at the Scala? And have you seen Fay Compton's Aladdin, at the Hippodrome? There's a good pantomime for you, and if you're feeling sniffy about the whole subject of leg slapping and transformation scenes, there's Leslie Henson to lend the good old nonsense a nice, sophisticated "West End" air—at £500 a week.

The real "find," of course, is George Lacy, in *Mother Goose*, at Daly's. This versatile and slap-up comedian has definitely "arrived" and mustn't be surprised if the goose has laid him a whole gaggle of golden eggs. As pantomimes go, this one should run till April. If you have young, prepare to take them now. TRINCULO.

Mary Brough would make a heavy part out of a Peter Pan-tomime

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

THE House of Commons is still on holiday, and few of the Ministers are yet back at their Departments, but the country continues on its way unperturbed. Our real masters are the Civil Servants, who seem as unaffected by the seasons as they are by changes of Government. Year by year, though we may not realise it, the power of the Civil Servant grows.

Major-General Sir Reginald Hoskins, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Principal of the Bonar Law College at Berkhamsted

A Meet at the Conservative Training College

Miss Margaret Davidson, the Hon. Mrs. Davidson, the Rt. Hon. John C. C. Davidson, P.C., M.P., Lady Hoskins, and Miss Ann Hoskins at the New Year's Eve Meet of the Hertfordshire Foxhounds at Ashridge, the Bonar Law College, Berkhamsted, Herts

Bassano

Sir Warden Chilcott

The pioneer in the campaign for National against Party Government. In a recent issue we said his nickname was "Chilly," but we now understand it is "Chillie," a more suitable designation for displaying the warmth of the enthusiasm for the cause he espouses

OUR Civil Service is, indeed, one of the Wonders of the Modern World. It is also one of its dangers. Its very efficiency and complete immunity from the common people—its un-get-at-ableness—may, in the end, land us all in serious trouble. Moreover, the example which it sets to the business world is to be deplored. The banks particularly have tried to imitate it, and in the result have lost the good-will of their depositors, even though they have kept their overdrafts.

THE Civil Service is becoming too select. It is not possible for those who are without private means even to enter for the higher administrative class. It may not officially and formally be so, but, in actual practice, such is the fact. More and more the profession of Government is growing further and further away from those they have to govern. The average Civil Servant is, I believe, entirely ignorant of the life of the ordinary man and woman. As our Cabinet Ministers rely increasingly on their departmental officials for advice in the shaping of their policies, the danger we are running is apparent.

WE find the same kind of thing in the Cabinet. How much do Cabinet Ministers know of the ordinary citizen's everyday life? How far do they ever attempt to understand his point of view? Let them come forth into the market place; let them see and be seen. The difficulties are naturally appreciable, but they can be surmounted. Disraeli, when he was Prime Minister, knew more of the feeling of the people of this country than Mr. MacDonald evidently does. How did Disraeli manage it? Merely by employing a first-class Private Secretary and being ready at any time to hear any piece of information, however trivial. His was an open door, and so it was known to all.

THE Prime Minister has more Private Secretaries to-day than any Prime Minister has ever had. But they are of the Civil Service brand. They move in secret cliques, charmingly, competently, but not in worldly fashion. They are the wrong sort.

MR. EDDIE MARSH, now with Mr. J. H. Thomas, but formerly Mr. Churchill's Secretary, is really in the true tradition. He gets about. He listens. He is seen. He is known. Let Mr. MacDonald take Mr. Marsh from Mr. Thomas. No. 10, Downing Street might then learn an incredible amount in a very short time.

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN has, as his Parliamentary Private Secretary, Captain Gunston, M.P. He comes from Gloucestershire, where he hunts, and is popular with the sportin' brigade. He is very military, into the bargain. He probably sees far ahead a minor Government job and a baronetcy. He is sufficiently hardworking to obtain both. But he is not the Secretary for a Chancellor of the Exchequer.

SIR PHILIP SASSOON, whose new appointment, by the way, is a piece of splendid good fortune for the whole country, shows sound sense in choosing as his Secretary Mr. Loel Guinness. I have no doubts, in my own mind, that this young man, who is really young, and not rising forty (the political definition of "young"), is going far, or as far as he wants to go. There's the only danger. Is Mr. Guinness sufficiently ambitious?

MR. DUFF COOPER'S P.P.S. is Lord Knebworth. He comes of a fine tradition, but one, in the main, interested in foreign rather than domestic affairs. Lord Knebworth may get his chance if he sticks to Mr. Cooper and he to him. At the War Office Mr. Duff Cooper is wasted; what he does he does, of course, exceedingly well, though I was disappointed in his presentation of the Estimates; but his work could equally well be done by somebody else. I wish he were at the Foreign Office, but I am afraid this fetish of not sending a man back in office to the Department of his previous profession may work against him.

SIR GEORGE BOWYER'S baronetcy in the New Year's Honours may be some compensation to him for not getting promotion when the National Government was formed. The whole body of Conservative Whips were found jobs, except Sir George. Now he gets his move up: better late than never, though that's not strictly true. He was heir-presumptive to a baronetcy, anyway.

POLITICS are in the doldrums at the moment, and except for brief flashes of illumination, as Mr. Chamberlain's shooting with Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, and Mr. J. H. Thomas wearing a paper hat with his grandchildren, students of affairs have been badly provided for.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN is one of Cunliffe-Lister's supporters; so is Mr. Baldwin. His detractors are many, but they judge him from his Departmental record and external appearances. I am told that his real value is in Cabinet Conference. This may appear surprising, for in public he does not display gifts which endear him to the Party.

Left: M. Quaglino

Right: Lord Warwick

Sir Oswald Mosley

Brilliant Brunettes

Impressions by Pat Charles

Left: Lord Castlerosse

Right: Mr. Charles Birkin

PAT CHARLES.

Left: George Raft as Joe Anton, a third-rate boxer who becomes the proprietor of a "speak-easy" and wishes to become a gentleman, in the film, "Night After Night," with Constance Cummings as Miss Healy, who happens to be a lady and who visits the "speak-easy," which was once her home

Below: Leslie Banks and Carol Goodner in a scene from "Wife in Pawn," which is now in production in the London Film Studios

A Boxing Film for the Box Office

What the Stars Cannot Foretell

The Film Year in Retrospect

By Sydney Tremayne

On a certain South Coast pier, where many have found inexpensive, and possibly innocent, distraction, there is an oraculous machine to tempt those addicted to the perilous pastime of asking questions. After putting a penny in the slot, you turn a pointer to one of six questions and the answer appears, illuminated, on a tiny screen. The mechanical finger has a significant tendency to hesitate at the queries, "Shall I marry this year?" and "Shall I have money?" showing the most popular preoccupations of pier promenaders! There is one question on the dial which, one imagines, no film star would have the temerity to ask: "Where shall I be this time next year?"

The point, in screen artists' geometry, has both position and magnitude, since it is concerned with whether their names will be writ large or small, above or below the titles of the pictures in which they play: that is the great and grievous uncertainty.

The film public is often accused of fickleness, but I think, rather, that they should be commended for their faithfulness and their growing discernment. They want to go on playing needles to their chosen magnets and queue up obediently for their latest pictures; but they know now when a poor film is foisted on them and when their favourites are so badly cast or so over-fed on the vanity-vitamins of fan mail that they give a disappointing performance. They recognise brilliant technique and new talent when they see it. This has been proved, I think, by the fate of films and favourites in 1932.

Her fans are still waiting for Greta Garbo to "come back," because her performance in that constant stop variety, *Grand Hotel*, revived the waning interest caused by *Mata Hari* and *As You Desire Me*. But she must not wait too long if she means to return at all to Hollywood. Clark Gable, in a parsonic rôle, nearly committed stellar suicide, but redeemed his position as the truculent, unshaven tempter in *Red Dust*, even though the picture was a poor one.

Janet Gaynor, plus Charles Farrell, is among the "stayers" whom the public will undeviatingly back, because she continues to give them what they expect of her, in a manner, say what you will against sentimentality, perfect in its own genre. The same thing applies to the boisterous and perennial Douglas Fairbanks, the Donoghue of the moving-picture racing; and Jannings, whose fade-out was so confidently predicted when talkies faced him with the serious language problem. The two sound-films in which he has been seen in England since he and Hollywood discarded one another, *The Blue Angel* and *Tempest*, have been outstanding successes because in both he gave magnificent performances. In each picture his opposite number proved a potential star: the established and inimitable Dietrich and lovely Anna Sten, of whom the Hollywood version is eagerly awaited.

This brings us to the newcomers of interest. Jannings and Conrad Veidt are both to play in an English version of *Jew Süss*. That fact alone should accelerate the pulse of picture-goers. Veidt belongs, by rights, to the survivors, but had not been fully appreciated in this country until his recent performances as a super-crook par excellence in *Rome Express* and the so-different rôle of *Rasputin*, a slow, heavy, old-fashioned German film, which his impersonation made not only tolerable, but interesting.

Edward G. Robinson added to his reputation in *Tiger Shark*, and will be welcomed in 1933.

Among the important new stars is George Raft, who has personality, assurance, and an individual technique with which to infer rather than reveal romantic possibilities in a "tough" rôle.

I predict that Douglas Fairbanks junior, will increase a steadily- though not rapidly-growing popularity. At the time of writing, *Red Dawn* has not been publicly shown. In this picture, with the help of a shaven head and Russianish uniforms, he plays the part of a Prince outcast by the revolution, with Nancy Carroll as a peasant vassal who is faithful unto marriage, and Lilyan Tashman convincingly made up and "gowned" to represent a temptress of the approvedly tarnished type. Young Fairbanks has a sincerity, native talent, and physique which will eventually triumph over the handicap of being the son of his father.

But the really sensational successes of the year have been the two English actors, Herbert Marshall and Charles Laughton. The former's success in Lubitsch's brilliant *Trouble in Paradise* might be accredited to perfect direction, but he proves his independent talent and attraction in *Evenings for Sale* (which I reviewed after the trade show). Imagination balks at what Cecil B. de Mille may have made of *The Sign of the Cross*, but the fact that Laughton plays Nero is a guarantee that it will be well worth seeing.

Kay Francis, who played opposite Ronald Colman in *Raffles*, was subsequently eclipsed, but has been rediscovered, and, since *Trouble in Paradise*, it is safe to predict that she will be a star of Southern Cross magnitude in 1933 programmes.

Constance Cummings is yet another new and shining light.

There are two interesting facts to be derived from a retrospective survey: one is the shifting of the centre of technical achievement from America to Europe, and the other is that 1932 has been incomparably the best film year since the introduction of sound. In fact, it is during the last few months that we have seen the best films. René Clair's *A Nous la Liberté* was the most outstanding event in the early part of the year, and there were the deservedly popular *Congress Dances* and the good, but not so universally appreciated, *Nuit de Rafle*.

But it is since September that we have seen *Tempest*, *Mädchen in Uniform*, and the most beautiful and inspired picture of the year, *The Blue Light* (all from Germany), *Love Me To-night*—in which even Chevalier and Macdonald were subservient to, though well served by, the art and originality of Mamoulian, the director—and finally, *Trouble in Paradise*, Lubitsch's brilliant production.

Where Jack Frost is Popular

Above: Midnight skating on the Suvretta Rink

Right: Mr. Hamar Bagnall, cricketer and golfer too, Mr. Covett and the Duchesse Fernan Nunez, whose husband was, for a time imprisoned at Barcelona because of his Royalist sympathies, snapped at St. Moritz on the terrace of the Corviglia Club

Right: The Hon. Jacqueline Vereker, daughter of Viscount Gort, skating at Suvretta

New Year's Eve Gala at the Palace Hotel, St. Moritz

Mrs. Laughlin, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Harold Lloyd, of Filmland, subject themselves to our correspondent's camera

Mr. Goulding, of "Grand Hotel" fame, and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, with Mr. Irving Netcher, host

If Gossip We Must . . .

Tom Mann and the Law—Merry Widows of the Past—Old Playbills—The National Gallery Board's New Chairman—"The Streets of London"—A Wilson Barrett Story

Sasha

Brenda Gordon as a very Victorian dancing girl of the naughty 'nineties type, who figures between the acts of "The Streets of London," at the Ambassadors

Sam Livesey as the villain, Gideon Bloodgood, and Alexander Field, his clerk, in the musical burlesque version of "The Streets of London," at the Ambassadors Theatre. This old melodrama is so funny to modern eyes that it might suitably be re-titled "The Shrieks of London"

Sasha

"Ha-Ha! A Time Will Come!"

IN all the hullabaloo over the Tom Mann case—the fuss can have pleased no one better than the hoary agitator himself—the real point does not appear to have been mentioned, even by Mr. Lansbury.

Mr. Mann and his companion were not sent to prison under an obsolete law, nor need they have gone to prison at all. The law is very precise, though it is an ancient one, and not even to please the Communists and the Russophile highbrows of such egregious organs as *The New Statesman* should elaborate machinery be set in motion to have it repealed.

By giving a simple undertaking not to do an illegal thing, they could have gone on their way. But not rejoicing. Men like Mann only rejoice when they imagine they are martyrs, or, what is still more important, when they can persuade a lot of other impressionable and wrong-minded people to accept them at that valuation.

In this case they have been abundantly successful.

By Goetz

"Well, anyway, I'm a contemporary of Einstein"

TOM MANN'S associations have, in a way, been theatrical as well as political. I remember, some years ago, a pretty daughter of his, Effie Mann, making a big success in the title-rôle of *The Merry Widow*.

We were talking the other day of the vast number of women who have played Sonia, in *The Merry Widow*, in London alone. In addition to the unforgettable Lily Elsie, I have seen Evelyn Laye, Gertrude Glynn, Helen Gilliland, Adrienne Brune, Clara Evelyn, and, one of the best of them all, that charming Viennese, Emmy Wehlen, who had a lovely little house off Park Lane (later inhabited by C. B. Cochran), and the tiniest hands and feet in the world. That was, of course, in pre-war times.

TALKING of theatrical history, I can recommend a visit to the collection of old playbills and posters at 36, Piccadilly.

These are not so far back in the past that they need be regarded as antiquities. There is, for instance, that of *Peter Pan* for the 1904 production. The drawings for Sir George Alexander's production of *Turandot* remind one that Professor Ernst Stern is not a recent discovery.

The most pathetic exhibit is the picture of Gaby Deslys in that singularly ineffective production, *Rosy Rapture*, which Barrie wrote.

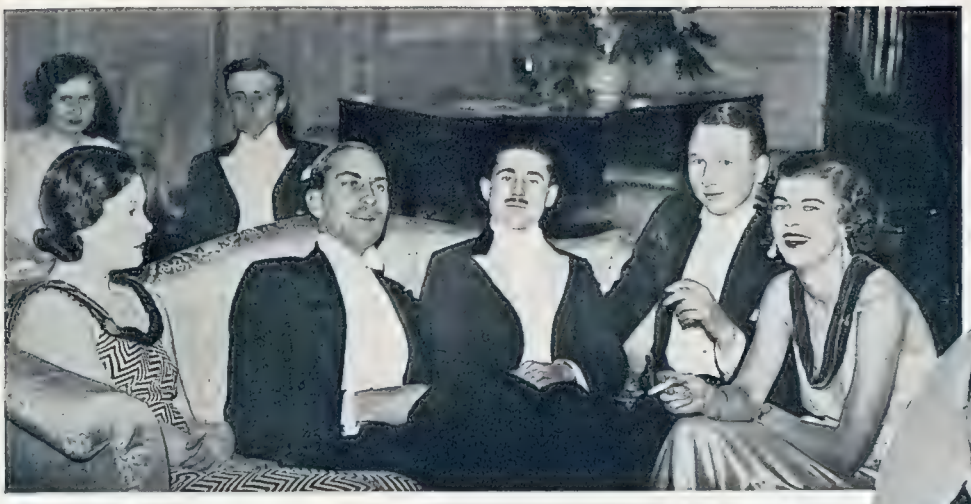
My companion on the first night was the late T. W. H. Crosland, who, as the author of *The Unspeakable Scot*, could hardly be reckoned as a Barrie "fan." When poor little Gaby started to trip across the stage in underwear attenuated even for those days, Crosland murmured, "What would 'Margaret Ogilvie' have thought of this?"

I HEARD what I am assured is an authentic story of one of the floating palaces of delight which

(Continued on page 68)

"Invitation to the Waltz"

The New Forest Spinsters' Ball



Above: A party at Brockenhurst Manor, Mr. John Morant's house, which he lent for the dance: Miss Villiers, Mr. Peel, Mr. Dudley Forward, Mr. Murray, and Miss Vera Selby

Right: Lt.-Com. the Hon. Christopher and Mrs. Roper-Curzon were two more guests

Above are Lady Rosemary Jeffreys, Mr. Christopher Jeffreys' wife, and Mr. Goschen sitting out between dances

Right: Discussing flowers which decorated the supper-table: Lady Montagu of Beaulieu and Captain Cyril Cubitt

Above: Mrs. R. T. Lee, whose sister, Miss Peggy Bushman, was a member of the Ball Committee

Left: Mr. John Morant's house-party at Brockenhurst Manor: in front, Miss Margaret Brunner, Lady Katherine Manley, Master P. Hare, Miss Elizabeth Walker, Miss Esther Powell; behind, Mrs. Kemp Welch, Miss D. Kemp Welch, Mr. A. C. Smith, Mr. John Morant, Mr. J. Harbord, Mr. J. Brittain, Mr. F. Harbord, Miss E. Morant, Mr. P. C. Smith, Mr. Dick Kenyon, and Mr. R. Eaton-White

cruise the Mediterranean. The ship was approaching Lipari during a sunny afternoon of Mediterranean calm. "I hope that Stromboli will perform for us to-night," said a passenger. "I hope so, too," replied her companion, "I heard him at Covent Garden in *La Bohème*."

RATHER more people than usual watched the unregretted death of 1932 in church instead of in a restaurant. Sombre, perhaps, but a good deal more sensible than singing "Auld Lang Syne" with total strangers.

Watch-night services, as such, began with the Methodists—so Southey says—but Wesley was advised by the more dour of his followers to order them to be put a stop to. In what way they could have been considered frivolous I cannot imagine, nor, apparently, could Wesley, for he refused to forbid them.

A Salvation "lassie" approached Charles, and laid her hand sympathetically upon his shoulder. "Brother," she asked, "are you saved?"

"Press," he answered.

"I beg your pardon," said the girl, and hurried away.

SIR PHILIP SASSOON is an ideal chairman for the National Gallery Board. His tact is as boundless as his wealth, and in matters of art he has no silly prejudices. No. 25, Park Lane, that fine corner house of his, certainly has some startling modernities about it in the way of decoration, but it is also full of lovely things of the more normal type.

Besides, its owner showed the catholicity of his tastes by his encouragement of Zoffany and the "Conversation" school. The recent "Age of Walnut" Exhibition at No. 25 was a complete success.

The house has also seen theatrical performances. These may be said to belong more properly to the age of chestnut.

On the Jolly Sea Waves

A deck game on board the Red Star liner Lapland, which will start on "The Bystander" cruise to Madeira, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, and the Azores on June 17th. Full particulars can be obtained from the Red Star Line, 38, Leadenhall Street, E. C., or any travel agency

Competitors in "The Bystander" Cup Competition at the Nice Golf Club, Cagnes. Left to right: Mrs. R. E. O. Bird, Mrs. Phillips Oppenheim (wife of the famous author), Colonel Mitchell, and Mr. R.E.O. Bird. The competition was a great success

The Laity and the Church

Clare Harris and Baliol Holloway in a scene from Hugh Walpole's play, "The Cathedral," with its Trollope-like atmosphere, which is now being played at the New Theatre

Old Henry Kemble ("the Beetle") on one New Year's Eve emerged from the club, in a slightly vinous condition, at 11.45 and proceeded with a friend to the nearest church. They noticed that there were no other men in the congregation, and after a while a curate approached and whispered nervously. It was a special service for fallen women!

THIS was not the only occasion on which the relationship between religion and Bohemia has proved a trifle embarrassing.

In his younger days as a reporter, Charlie Hands, the famous war correspondent, had, in the course of his duties, to attend a Salvation Army revivalist meeting. Highly emotional scenes occurred, and ex-sinners, streaming with tears, were queueing up for the penitents' bench.

EVEN in his Oxford days, when he used to ride a good deal, though not, I think, with any great enthusiasm, Philip Sassoon was something of an exquisite. But not in any exaggerated sense.

He never made a vulgar display of his wealth. Yet so particular was he as to the quality of the food he set before his guests that on one occasion, I seem to remember, he gave a dinner party every course of which had been cooked at a famous London restaurant and kept warm in an express dining-car from Paddington.

I WAS glad to meet Dion Clayton Calthrop in town the other evening. He seldom comes to London, but his grandfather's play, *The Streets of London*, now being burlesqued at the Ambassadors Theatre, doubtless lured him from the

ODES OF ENVY

No. 6.—The Principal Boy

IF dear Mamma, at forty-five,
Had said to dear Papa,
"I think, in this progressive age,
When enterprise is all the rage,
I'll earn big money on the stage,"
He would have shouted "Bah!
Without offence, love, you're too fat
And old to think of doing that."

How jolly, then, to be a "Boy"
Both debonair and clever,
And, though Life's flame is burning low,
You do not worry, for you know,
Though men may come and men may go,
You will go on for ever,
Without the slightest need to beg
As long as you can "show a leg."

Yes, I admit I envy her
The good times that she knows:
She's paid a salary that's high
To slap a fur from scraggy thigh
And sing a song—I can't think why—
About "My Texas Rose"—
A furrin' part which I'm sure would
Be quite unknown to Robin Hood.

Her lines—I mean the written ones—
Are much the same each season.
She shouts them with such gusto she
Can hide in quite a marked degree
The fact it's all too plain to see
They've rhyme but little reason.
How nice to earn much L. s. d.,
Thanks to your noted Boyancy!

B. W.

Monte Carlo Doings

Lady Armstrong (Amelia Mezza), Mrs. Ronald Colman and Mrs. George McLellan (Madge Lessing), three of the guests at the Inauguration of the New Winter Sporting Club at Monte Carlo

country to be dazzled by "The Lights o' London" which, incidentally, was another old play by George R. Sims, produced at the Princess's Theatre in 1881.

Dion Clayton Calthrop is far too amusing to bury himself in the remotest of rural parts, year in, year out. Perhaps he does this because he is not a neo-Georgian, nor even an Edwardian, but a Victorian, and proud of it. He is apt to dress the part, too—and he knows a good deal about the dress of the period, or of any other period.

And he can write about gardens—thoroughly did I enjoy his book, *The Charm of Gardens*—without getting all twee and hysterical and whimsey-whamsey about it.

"Oh, Mummy, I'm Frightened!"

Karloff, as the Egyptian mummy in Universal's weird drama, "The Mummy." It is said that the make-up takes eight hours to apply. And equally as long a time, we should think, to take it all off

WHAT struck me about *The Streets of London*, funny as its old-fashioned moralities and soliloquies are to modern tastes, was that it is not only quite a good play, but infinitely less crude than three-quarters of the film-dramas which a public of many millions takes with such desperate seriousness.

Except that the hero and heroine are not continually clutching at each other, mouth to mouth, after the fashion of the illustrated advertisements of "The Epic Heart-Throb of the Universe," etc., etc., it is rather like them, though healthier and better constructed.

For it was written in the days when to make money out of entertainments did not necessitate catering for prurient nit-wits.

Whether the films have caused the nit-wits or the nit-wits have caused the films, I do not pretend to know.

MENTION of the Princess's Theatre, where Wilson Barrett was for so long the actor-manager, reminds me that when he produced the Roman melodrama *Claudian*, and donned, for the first time, the Roman toga—and, incidentally, wore high-heeled boots with it!—he, being rather vain of his appearance, sought the approval of his dresser. Striking an attitude which, doubtless, he thought was equal to the noblest Roman of them all, he remarked complacently, "How do I look?" To which his dresser, being somewhat taken aback by the chief's exceedingly décolleté costume, unthinkingly replied, "S'welp me Gawd, Guv'nor, you look all neck!"

Bristow & Mawley

Miss Isabel Wilford

Seen on the right: Miss Isabel Wilford, who has just finished playing in a successful revival of A. A. Milne's "The Dover Road." She is the daughter of the High Commissioner for New Zealand

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Club Matches and Players

Scotland in London

The Fettesian Lorettonians visited London and beat Richmond by fifteen points to eight. The photo above shows a tussle for the ball, with the Scottish team in white

A Devonport Services man falls while passing in the match against Blackheath, played at Blackheath, and won by the home team by thirteen points to nine

I've had an interesting and agreeable week's spectatorship, if I may coin a word, and if watching a game is ever really enjoyable. The teams, at any rate, were varied enough—Dublin Wanderers and Blackheath, Barbarians and Leicester, Richmond and Fettesian Lorettonians—and of the three matches, the one at the Richmond Athletic ground pleased me most. Not that it was a very good match—the football, in fact, was distinctly poor—but the Fettesian Lorettonians wear no numbers on their backs, and somehow they managed to bring to London the happy-go-lucky atmosphere of one of those games which take place in and around Edinburgh on the morning of an International.

By this I don't mean that they played carelessly. On the contrary, they were extremely vigorous and keen to win, and their stockings came down and hung in festoons around their ankles, as the stockings of all good Scotsmen do. It was just the way they set about the game which was so pleasing, a kind of studied insistence upon anonymity which lifted the team well above the individual.

Perhaps it is because we have been thinking so much about individuals lately, with trial matches to worry us, that this team spirit was particularly refreshing, and yet I cannot help feeling that there is another explanation. The leading English clubs, at any rate, are apt to think too much of their outstanding players and too little of the fundamental problem of welding those players into an efficient machine. Leicester, for example, should have beaten the Barbarians hands down, when injuries early in the second half reduced the Barbarians to thirteen men. But did Leicester apply well-considered tactics to the occasion? They did not; they blundered on, heeling the ball regularly to inefficient three-quarters when they should have kept it forward and pushed it over their opponents' line.

Incidentally, the comparative failure of the Leicester centres must have disturbed the Irish Selectors—for these centres were Morgan Crowe and P. B. Coote, both of whom must be in the running for the Irish side. Coote is not as impressive as he was earlier in the season; Crowe was very ordinary, and, what is more, E. F. de V. Hunt, playing for the Barbarians, was only a shadow of his thrusting, opportunist self. I rather suspect that, like so many Army men, Hunt has been having far too much football, and indifferent football at that. He needs a rest, and then some intensive training in first-class company, if he is to regain his true form.

But to return to this problem of tactics, it was strange to see a formidable Leicester pack, led by George Beamish, unable to grasp so elementary a situation. With only six tired Barbarian forwards against them, and scrummage after scrummage on the Barbarian line, a straight shove, with the ball held in the second row, was surely the obvious method of scoring. Still, the straight shove is out-moded, and the arts of the wheel and the controlled dribble are forgotten even in Scotland, if the Fettesian-Lorettonian forwards are any criterion. For all that, I think Scotland will have a useful pack this year, with J. Beattie, J. Wallan, W. B. Welch, and R. Rowand as the nucleus. This Beattie is a magnificent player, the best forward out of touch I have seen this year. He not only leaps like a panther for the ball, but catches it, and invariably makes some use of it afterwards. And his work in the loose is grand—on his present form, I should say that Beattie is as good a forward as any in the home unions. But there opinions differ—some of us will never understand, for example, why T. C. Knowles was preferred to J. R. Auty in the final English Trial on Saturday, and there are others down Bristol way who are wondering how it is that T. J. M. Barrington has been overlooked this year.

There are two other players I, personally, would have liked to see in an English Trial match—R. Jennings and A. L. Novis. Jennings is a real footballer, either at full-back or in the centre, and Novis, to my mind, is a far more dangerous player than several who have been preferred to him this winter. Still, it would be a dull world if we all thought alike, and, in the meanwhile, Wales had some awkward-looking customers on view last Saturday (January 7). That Cardiff three-quarter line—A. H. Jones, Graham Jones, F. Williams, and R. Boon—has the makings of a mighty troublesome combination about it; and there is no blinking the fact that A. H. Jones is a fine wing three-quarter. With A. R. Ralph at stand-off half, and a sound man to work the scrummage, the Welsh attack promises to be formidable indeed, and my only consolation, as an Englishman, is that Boon, at Leicester, appeared to have lost some of his speed. Boon has been playing as a centre for Dunfermline, and he seems to have thickened out, though doubtless he will find his place if he is chosen to appear at Twickenham in a fortnight's time. And what a battle-royal that will be!

To a Bright Young Thing—Ten Days Old

GOOD-BYE, old '32,
Unhonoured and unsung
We gladly bury you,
And Hope is born anew
As cometh into view
A year that's brave and young.

So, greetings, '33—
In country and in town,
In air, on land and sea
We raise a toast to thee
And beg you hear our plea—
Don't you TOO let us down!

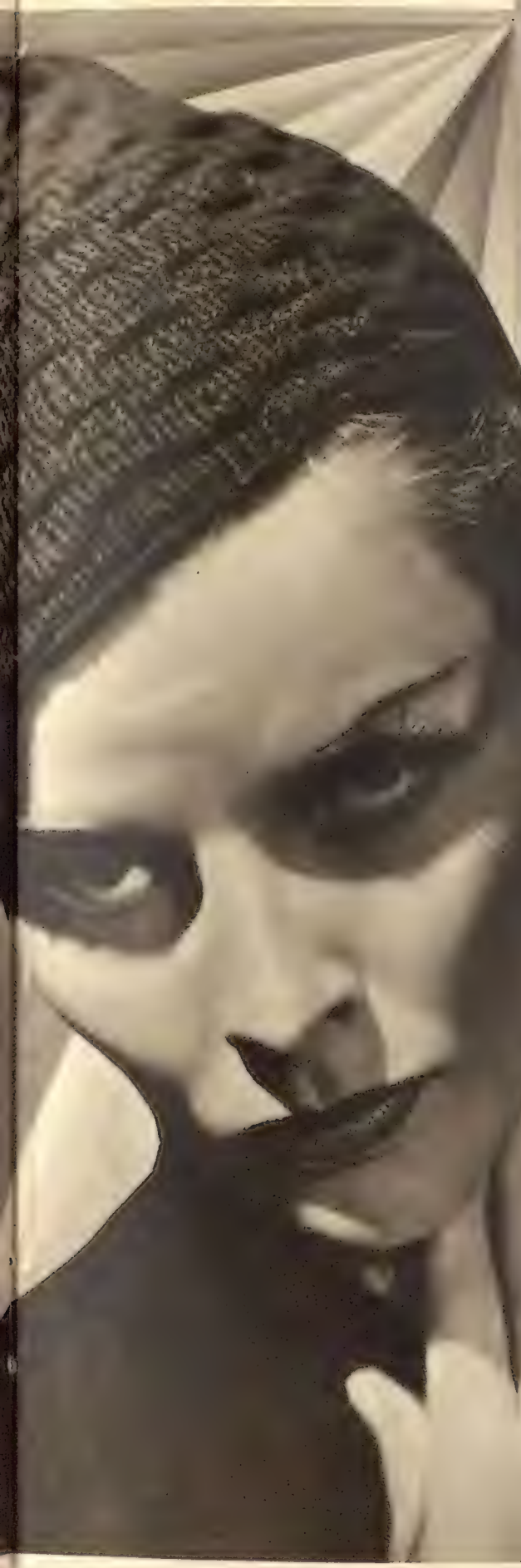
B. W.

Kat

A new star for a New Year: that is what will be said of Katharine Hepburn when her acting in "A Bill of Divorcement" is seen in England. A measure of her success in this film is the unavoidable comparison of her personality and acting with the great Garbo's, a more worthy comparison than many that were made in 1932. Katharine Hepburn, whose film career is "art for art's sake," and not for money, as she has plenty, is working in the Radio studios on two new films, "Three Came Unarmed," in which she co-stars with Joel McCrea, and a screen version of "Little Women," Louisa Alcott's famous book, which might well create film fans among people who, so far, have completely ignored the appeal of the moving picture

SUCCESS!

atharine Hepburn for 1933



PERSONALITIES IN "PLASTICINE"

No. 10: D. R. Jardine

Modelled and Designed by Zec

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Yevonde

LADY ELIZABETH PAGET is Lord and Lady Anglesey's fourth daughter and bears a strong resemblance to her sister, Lady Caroline. Here she is seen wearing a delightfully youthful dress which has the new cut-out shoulder line and is gaily patterned with a flower design

The Turn of the Year finds us with a Tilt to our Hats

A SMART black straw hat with a hint of sailor influence has a very shallow crown and a brim tilted well on one side. It is tied with a black-and-white ribbon and is a Marthe model from Marshall and Snelgrove

BLACK antelope and black straw combine to make the hat on the left: the crown is of antelope and the rolled brim of straw. The feather mount is in red, black and white. A Blanche et Simone model from Marshall and Snelgrove

FLOWER trimmings are to be seen on many of the new models and a charming example is the Agnès hat below, which is carried out in fine black pedal straw trimmed with white gardenias. From Debenham and Freebody

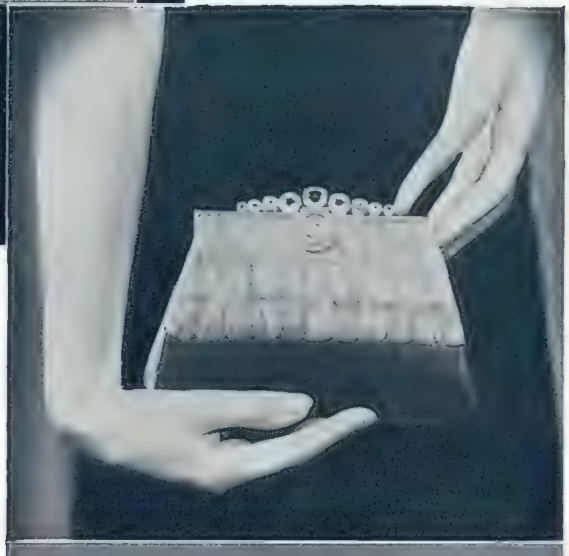
Drawings by
Juliet O'Rorke

Ivimey

MADAME ALANOVA has left for America where she will give a series of dance recitals, but intends to return to England in the spring. She has some unusually interesting plans, which we all hope she will develop in London and so give us the pleasure of another performance. She was photographed just before her departure wearing a white feather toque from Suzanne Talbot, tied with a black veil. Her white matelassé blouse is from Maggy Rouff

(*Above*)

UNUSUAL necklace of baton cut diamonds has a superb pendant of the same stones. With this is worn a diamond bracelet of an exceptionally attractive design. From the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths



(*Right, above*)

A LOVELY bag for evening wear is composed of brown and white feathers and has a handle trimmed with, and a clasp composed of, a series of rhinestones graduated in size. From Asprey

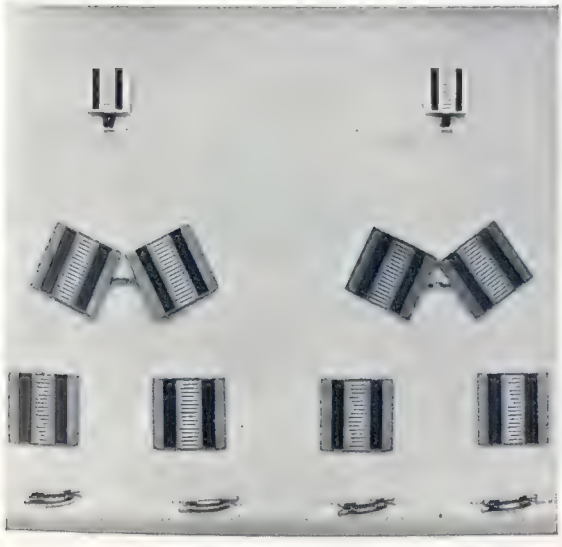
METAL brocade can be guaranteed to accompany harmoniously a number of gowns. The one shown on the right of white and gold interwoven with colour would be a most practical acquisition. From Asprey

Photographs Lenare

Jewels and Accessories

IN the hair of the lady on the right is a new ornament made of diamonds which manages to slip on to the hair and hold it in place without depending on any clasp. From the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths

BELOW is shown a magnificent set of links, waistcoat buttons and shirt studs made of engine-turned gold and black enamel. Their design is extremely smart and unusual. From Goldsmiths and Silversmiths



Photographs Lenare

Miss Edna Ferber, the well-known American novelist, and Mr. George Kaufman, who are co-authors of "Dinner at Eight," which was seen for the first time in London, at the Palace Theatre, on Friday last

Dallison

Books of the Week

Fact and Fiction: By "Ericus"

"STARK REALITY" is a splendid expression, a boon and a blessing to the harassed reviewer. It comes so trippingly off the pen, and covers a multitude of descriptive phrases. But it is "the perfect word in the perfect place" when applied to *Down and Out in Paris and London*, by George Orwell (Gollancz; 8*s.* 6*d.*), the chronicle of a young man's struggles with the direst poverty among the dregs of society of two cities. The opening of Mr. Orwell's story finds him in Paris, out of work, and keeping body and soul together on a diet of bread, margarine and promises. After many disappointments he succeeds in getting work as a "plongeur"—the lowest grade of scullion in a hotel kitchen, "a slave's slave," in fact—when he works fourteen hours a day for five hundred francs a month. He has much to say in criticism of the hotel system, both from a sociological and a sanitary point of view, and I, for one, when next I visit an expensive restaurant—not a habit of mine!—will have definite qualms as to the preparation and service of the food I eat.

THEN comes the offer of a post in England, and the author's disappointment at finding, on arrival in London, that he will have to wait some weeks for it to materialise. So, until it does, back he goes, æquo animo, to the life of the "down-and-outer," tramping the London streets from one "spike" (i.e., casual ward) to another, meeting on his way a variety of instructive acquaintance—tramps, beggars, petty criminals and policemen—and obtaining an unrivalled insight into the workings of our social system. Inter alia, he gives us intriguing sidelights on begging, and explains the social distinction between the artist—the acrobat, the "screever" or pavement artist, the street photographer—and the real beggar—"the people who sing hymns, or sell matches, or bootlaces, or envelopes containing a few grains of lavender called, euphemistically, perfume." He sums up his impressions of our begging laws as follows: "As the law now stands, if you approach a stranger and ask him for twopence, he can call a policeman and get you seven days for begging. But if you make the air hideous by droning, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' or scrawl some chalk daubs on the pavement, or stand about with a tray of matches—in short, if you make a nuisance of yourself—you are held to be following a legitimate trade, and are not begging." And he adds: "There is not a street-singer or match-seller in London who can be sure of £50 a year"; which should effectually dispose of "the stories in the Sunday papers about beggars who die with two thousand pounds sewn into their trousers." What will strike you at once about this intensely human document is the air of philosophical detachment with which Mr. Orwell tells his story. This is no rancorous denunciation of social evils, but a dispassionate account of events as they occurred, varied by an occasional practical suggestion for the improvement of prevailing conditions. A book, in fact, that I strongly advise you to buy, borrow, or steal, or, failing all else, place at the very head of your library list.

IT is sad, but true, that one ill-conceived character is enough to upset the psychological balance of a novel. In *Puppets Parade*, by Doris Leslie (The Bodley Head; 7*s.* 6*d.*), there is a young woman called Monica—which sounds like the first line of a limerick!—who is so devastatingly conventional and artificial that the reactions to her of the other characters become frankly incredible. "Too utterly bogus," as the modern child described Christmas and its associations. Consequently, I am unable to believe that an intelligent young man like Martin Trench—a kind of embryonic Noel Coward—would, in the first place, choose Monica as his wife in preference to the much more humanly attractive Carol, and that, in the second place, he could hesitate for one moment when the question is reopened some years after his marriage. In fact, the dénouement of the story produced in me a feeling of irritation rather than of sympathy with the psychological processes of its principles. This is unfortunate, as this drama of theatrical life has some excellent scenes, particularly those dealing with incidents on the stage itself, such as the dress-rehearsal at Radchester and Carol's West End début; while some of the minor characters are admirably drawn, notably Harriet Ryan, at whose identity I feel I can make a shrewd guess.

ON the other hand, Lee Winton, the heroine of Miss Jane England's new novel, *The Years of the Locust* (Hurst and Blackett; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a most satisfying character, quiet, capable and restrained. Deserted by her lover at Beira, she visits, as a guest, the mysterious farm of a parvenu called Kesson, and remains to reorganise the household and fall a victim to the lure of the veldt, her dreams becoming reality on the death of Kesson and her inheritance of his farm. A simple and unpretentious enough story, but one with its powerful moments.

MAJOR HELDER is obviously both an aeronautical enthusiast and an aeronautical expert, and he must have thoroughly enjoyed compiling his novel of imaginary aerial warfare, *War in the Air*, 1936 (John Hamilton; 7*s.* 6*d.*), just as I am sure my air-minded readers will thoroughly enjoy reading it. The story, which describes a fancied war between England and Italy on the one side, and France and Jugo-Slavia on the other, is exciting enough with its records of aerial combats and raids on Paris and London, but it serves principally as a medium for its author's views on the armed aircraft of the future. I am afraid I am not sufficiently versed in the technique of the subject to discuss Major Helder's theories — the question, for instance, of fast single-seaters versus giants flying in novel tactical formations and armed by specialists. But they make interesting reading even for the layman, and will be hotly debated by the experts at Halton, Heston, and Hanworth.

OF recent years the literary market has been positively flooded by stories with the "late unmentionable" war as their background. At first sight, *A Passionate Prodigality*, by Guy Chapman (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), follows the usual form of the conventional war book. It is the simple autobiography of an infantry officer in the Great War, from his arrival in France as a subaltern in a Kitchener battalion to the battalion's advance into Germany after the Armistice. But Mr. Chapman's book has two virtues which place it in the front rank of its kind. It is written with real literary grace and charm, and it conveys completely the personality of its author and his relations with his brother officers and men. Mr. Chapman describes the grim humours and tragedies of those unforgettable days, and the qualities of the men who fought through them, with a delicate precision and without the slightest straining after effect. I found myself wishing that all war books were like this one!

Olla Podrida

Seniors and Juniors

Right : A photograph of Miss Rosamund Hornby, taken by her brother, Mr. Edward Hornby. She has just come back from Italy, where she has been for a tour with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. St. John Hornby, and her sister, Miss Diana Hornby

Below : Diana Constance and Henry Hugh Slessor, Mr. and Lady Cynthia Slessor's two children, who are to be bridesmaid and page to their half-sister, Lady Joan Villiers, at her wedding to Mr. David Colville on the 21st. Lady Cynthia Slessor's first husband was the late Earl of Jersey

Left : A picture of Miss Veronica Briscoe-George, taken during her trip to New Zealand. The Maori guide with her went with the Prince of Wales when he made his visit to the famous hot springs

Kay Vaughan

Above : A new portrait of the only daughter of the Dean of St. Paul's, the Very Rev. W. R. Inge, and Mrs. Inge. Miss Inge, who is a most attractive and popular person, has three brothers. Her mother, Mrs. Inge, before her marriage, was Miss Mary Spooner, daughter of the late Ven. H. M. Spooner

Swaebe

A Quartette in the Nursery

Left : Viscountess Harcourt with her daughter and two dachshunds in the nursery at her Eaton Place house. Lady Harcourt was the Hon. Elizabeth Grosvenor, the late Lord Ebury's only daughter, and married Lord Harcourt in 1931 ; their daughter, Elizabeth Ann, was born last year

At Ashton Gifford House

Left: Mr. Eric Barrington, Miss E. Mordaunt, Mrs Eric Barrington, Miss Margaret Campbell, and Mr. John Butler were five of the guests at the Wylye Valley Hunt Ball, which was held at Lord and Lady Headley's house at Codford

Mrs. C worth, Mrs. R those wh

Above: Mrs. E. R. Leighton and Baron de Tach-arner arriving together at the ball

Right: The Hon. Isobel Arundell, Lord Arundell's younger daughter, with Mr. P. A. C. Bridgewater, who is in the 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards

Above: A before-supper light refreshment quartette: Mr. R. H. Stocker, Miss Elizabeth Lovat, daughter of the Bishop of Portsmouth, Mrs. M. B. S. Bower, and Mr. Arthur Yeatman-Biggs

Pink Coats in the West

The Wylye Valley Hunt Ball

Right: Lady Weymouth talking to Mr. Rupert Bromley and Miss V. Bromley. Lady Weymouth brought a party from Greenaway House, Warminster, where she and Lord Weymouth live